

There begynneth a treatyse how þe hie  
fader of heuen sendeth dethe to so-  
mon euery creature to come and  
gyue a counte of theyr lyues in  
this worlde/and is in maner  
of a morall playe.







Pray you all grue your audyence  
 And here this mater with reuerence  
 By fygure a morall playe  
 The lemonyng of euery mā called it is  
 That of our lyues and endynges shewes  
 How transytory we be all daye  
 This mater is wonders precyous  
 But the entent of it is more gracpyous  
 And swete to here a waye  
 The story sayth man in the begynnynge  
 Loke well and take good heed to the endynges  
 Be you neuer so gay  
 Ye thynke synne in the begynnynge full swete  
 Whiche in the ende causeth the soule to wepe  
 Whan the body lyeth in claye  
 Here shall you se how felawshyp / and Jolyte  
 Sothe / strengthe / pleasure / and beaute  
 Wyl fade from the as floure in maye  
 For ye shall here how our heuen kynge  
 Calleth euery man to a generall takenynge  
 Gyue audyence and here what he doth saye.

Messiges

¶ God speketh.

God.

I perceyue here in my maieste  
 How that all creatures be to me vnkynde  
 A kynge without drede in worldly prosperyte  
 Of ghosly syght the people be so blinde  
 Drownded in synne they know me not for they god  
 In worldly ryches is all they mynde  
 They fere not my ryght wysnes the sharpe rood  
 My lawe that I shewed whan I for them dyed  
 They forgete clene / and Medyngs of my blode rede  
 I hangd bytwene two it can not be denyed

The Som.

3. 11.



To gete them lyfe I suffered to be deed  
I heled theyre fete with thornes hurt was my heed  
I coude do nomore than I dyde truely  
And now I se the people do clene for sake me  
They vse the seuen deadly synnes dampnable  
As pryde couetyse wrath and lechery  
Now in the worlde be made commendable  
And thus they leue of aungelles y<sup>e</sup> heuenly company  
Euery man lyueth so after his owne pleasure  
And yet of theyre lyfe they be nothyng sure  
I se the more that I them forbere  
The worse they be fro yere to yere  
All that lyueth appayreth faste  
Therefore I wyll in all the haste  
Haue a rekenyng of euery mannes person  
For and I leue the people thus alone  
In theyre lyfe and wycked tempestes  
Weryly they wyll become moche worse than beestes  
For now one wolde by enuy another byete  
Charyte they do all clene forgete  
I hoped well that euery man  
In my glory wolde make his mansion  
And therto I had them all electe  
But now I se lyke traytours defecte  
They thanke me not for y<sup>e</sup> pleasure y<sup>e</sup> I to the ment  
For yet for theyre beyng that I them haue lent  
I profered the people grete multitude of mercy  
And fewe there be that asketh it hertly  
They be so combred with worldly ryches  
That nedes on them I must do Iustyce  
On euery man lyuynge without fere  
Where arte thou deth thou myghty messengere



**Dethe.**

**A**lmyghty god I am here at your wyll  
your commaundement to fulfyll.

**G**othou to euery man

And we we hym in my name

A pylgrymage he must on hym take

Whiche he in no wyse may scape

And that he bynge with hym a sure rekenyng

Without delay or ony taryng.

**L**orde I wyll in the worlde go renne ouer all

And cruelly out letche bothe grete and small

Euery man wyll I beset that lyueth beestly

Out of goddes lawes and dyedeth not folly

He that loueth rychesse I wyll stryke w my darte

His syght to blynde and fro heuen to departe

Excepte that almes be his good frende

In hell for to dwell worlde without ende

Loo ponder I se Euery man walkyng

Full ytell he thynketh on my comyng

His mynde is on flesshely lustes and his treasure

And grete payne it shall cause hym to endure

Before the lorde heuen kyng

Euery man stande styll whyder arte thou goyng

Thus gayly hast thou thy maker forget.

**E**uery man.

**W**hy askest thou

Woldest thou wete.

**I**ye sy: I wyll se we you

In grete hast I am sende to the

Fro god out of his mageste.

**W**hat sente to me.

**I**ye certaynly.

**The Song.**

**Dethe.**

**God.**

**Dethe.**

euery mā.

**Dethe.**

euery mā.

**Dethe.**

**All.**

Thoughe thou haue forgete hym here  
He thynketh on the in the heuynly spere  
As o: we departe thou shalte knowe.

every mā. ¶ What despyeth god of me.

Dethe. ¶ That shall I shewe the  
A rekenynge he wyl nedes haue  
Without ony lenger respyte.

every mā. ¶ To gyue a rekenynge longer layser I craue  
This blynde mater troubleth my wytte.

Dethe. ¶ On the thou must take a longe Journey  
Therefore thy boke of counte w the thou bynge  
For tourne agayne thou can not by no waye  
And loke thou be sure of thy rekenynge  
For before god thou shalte answere and shewe  
Thy many badde dedes and good but a fewe  
How thou hast spent thy lyfe and in what wyse  
Before the chiefe lord of paradysse.

Haue I do we were in that waye

For were thou well þ shalte make none attournay.

every mā. ¶ Full vnredy I am suche rekenynge to gyue  
I knowe the not what messenger arte thou.

Dethe. ¶ I am dethe that no man dredeth  
For every man I rest and no man spareth  
For it is goddes commaundement  
That all to me sholde be obedyent.

every mā. ¶ O dethe thou comest whā I had þ leest in mynde  
In thy power it lyeth me to saue  
Yet of my good wyl I gyue þ yf thou wyl be kynde  
Ye a thousande pounde shalte thou haue  
And dyfferre this mater tyll an other daye

Dethe. ¶ Every man it may not be by no waye  
I set not by golde syluer nor ryche

As by pope / emperour / kynge / duke ne prynces  
For and I wolde receyue gyftes grete  
All the worlde I myght gete

But my custome is cleue contrary  
I gyue the no respyte come hens and not tary.

Alas shal I haue no lenger respyte

every mā.

I may save deth gyveth no warnyng  
To thynke on the it maketh my herte seke

For all vntedy is my boke of rekenyng

But. xii. yere and I myght haue a bydyng

My countynge boke I wolde make so clere

That my rekenyng I wolde not nede to fere

Wherfore deth I praye the for goddes mercy

Spare me tyll I be prouyded of remedy.

The auayleth not to crye wepe and praye

Deth.

But hast the lyghtly that þ were gone þ Jounaye

And proue thy frendes yf thou can

For wete thou well the tye abydeyth no man

And in the worlde eche lyuyng creature

For Adams synne must dye of nature.

Deth yf I wolde this pylgrymage take

every mā.

And my rekenyng suerly make

Shewe me for saynt charyte

Sholde I not come agayne shortly.

No every man and thou be ones there

Deth.

Thou mayst neuer more come here

Trust me veryly.

O gracious god in the hye sete celestyall

every mā.

Haue mercy on me in this moost nede

Shall I haue no company fro this vale terestryall

Of myne acqueynce that way me to lede.

Crye yf ony be so hardy

Deth.



That wolde go with the and here the company  
Hye the that þ were gone to goddes magnyficence  
Thy rekenyng to gyue before his presence.  
What wenest thou thy lyue is gyuen the  
And thy worldely gooddes also.

every mā.

Deihe.

¶ I had wende so beryle.  
¶ Nay nay it was but lende the  
For as soone as thou arte go  
Another a whyle shall haue it and than gother fro  
Euen as thou hast done  
Euery man þ arte made thou hast thy wyttes lyue  
And here on erthe wyll not amende thy lyue  
For sodeynly I do come.

every mā.

¶ O wretched caytife wheder shall I flee  
That I myght scape this endles sorow we.  
Now gentyll deth spare me tyll to morow we  
That I may amende me  
With good aduysment

Deihe.

¶ Saye therto I wyll not consent  
Nor no man wyll I respyte  
But to the herte sodeynly I shall smyte  
Without ony aduysment  
And now out of thy syght I wyll me hye  
Se thou make the redy shortly  
For thou mayst saye this is the daye  
That no man lyuyng may scape a waye

every mā.

¶ Alas I may well wepe with syghes depe  
Now haue I no maner of company  
To helpe me in my Journey and me to kepe  
And also my wytyng is full vntedye  
How shall I do now for to excuse me  
I wolde to god I had neuer begete

To my soule a full grete profyte it had be  
 For now I here paynes huge and grete  
 The tyme passeth lord helpe that all wrought  
 For though I mourne it awayleth nought  
 The day passeth and is almost ago  
 I wote not well what for to do  
 To whome were I best my complaynt to make  
 What and I to felawshyp therof spake  
 And shewed hym of this sodayne chaunce  
 For in hym is all myne affyaunce  
 We haue in the worlde so many a daye  
 Be good frendes in spore and playe  
 I se hym yonder certaynely  
 I truit that he wyll bere me company  
 Therfore to hym wyll I speke to ese my sorowe  
 Well mette good felawshyp and good morowe.

¶ Felawshyp speketh.

¶ Every man good morowe by this daye  
 Syr why lokest thou so pyteously  
 If ony thyng be a mysse I praye the me saye  
 That I may helpe to remedy.

¶ Ye good felawshyp ye  
 I am in greate leoparde.

¶ My true frende shewe to me your mynde  
 I wyll not forsake the to my lyues ende  
 In the waye of good company.

¶ That was well spoken and louyngly.

¶ Syr I must nedes knowe your heuynesse  
 I haue pyte to se you in ony dystresse  
 If ony haue you wronged ye shall reuenged be  
 Thoughe I on the grounde be slayne for the  
 Thoughe that I knowe before that I sholde dye.

The Som.

B. 6.

felawshyp

every mā.

felawshyp

every mā.  
felawshyp

every mā. Every felawshipp gramercy.  
 felawshipp. I tulle by thy thanks I let not a strawe  
 Shewe me your grefe and saye no more.  
 every mā. If I my herte holde to you breke  
 And than you to tourne your mynde frome  
 And wolde not me comforte whan ye here me speke  
 Than holde I centymes leysse be.  
 felawshipp. Sy? I saye as I wyll do in dede.  
 every mā. Than be you a good frende at nede  
 I haue founde you true here before.  
 felawshipp. And so ye shall evermore  
 For in fayth and thou go to hell  
 I wyll not forsake the by the waye.  
 every mā. Ye speke lyke a good frende I beleue you well  
 I shall deserue it and I maye.  
 felawshipp. I speke of no deservynge by this daye  
 For he that wyll saye and nothyng do  
 Is not worthy with good company to go  
 Therefore shewe me the grefe of your mynde  
 As to your frende moost lounge and kynde.  
 every mā. I shall shewe you how it is  
 Commaunded I am to go a tournaye  
 A longe waye harde and daungerous  
 And gyve a strayte counte without delaye  
 Before the hye Juge adonay  
 Wherfore I pray you bere me company  
 As ye haue promysed in this tournaye.  
 felawshipp. That is mater in dede promysed is duty  
 But and I holde take suche a bypage on me  
 I knowe it well it sholde be to my payne  
 Also it make me aferde certayne  
 But let vs take counsell here as well as we can



For your wordes wolde fere a stronge man.

Why ye sayd yf I had nede  
ye wolde me neuer forsake quicke neded  
Thoughe it were to hell truely.

So I sayd certaynely  
But suche pleasures be set a syde the sothe to saye.  
And also yf we toke suche a iournaye  
Whan sholde we come agayne.

Have neuer agayne tyll the daye of dome;

In fayth than wyll not I come there  
who hath you these tydnynges brought.

In dede deth was with me here.

Now by god that all hath bought:

If deth were the messenger  
for no man that is lyvinge todaye

I wyll not go that lothe iournaye

Not for the fader that bygate me.

I have promysed other wyle parde.

I wote well I say so truely

And yet yf I wylte ete & drynke & make good chere  
Or haunt to women the lusty companie

I wolde not forsake you whyle the daye is clere.

Trust me verily

I have therto ye wolde be redy

To go to mythe solas and playe

Your mynde wyll soner apply

Than to bere me companie in my longe iournaye.

Now in good fayth I wyll not that waye

But and thou wyll murder or ony man kyll

In that I wyll helpe the with a good wyll.

That is a symple adouyle in dede

Gentyll felawe helpe me in my necessyte

The Som.

B. II.

every mā.

felawshipp

every mā.

felawshipp

every mā.

felawshipp

every mā.

felawshipp

every mā.

felawshipp

every mā.

We haue loued longe and now I nede  
 And now gentyll felawshipp remembre me.  
 felawshipp ¶ Wheder ye haue loued me or no  
 By saynt Iohn I wyll not with the go.  
 every mā. ¶ Yet I pray the take þ labour & do somoche for me  
 To byngge me forwarde for saynt charyte  
 And comforte me tyll I come without the towne.  
 felawshipp ¶ Nay and thou wolde gyue me a newe gowne  
 I wyll not a fote with the go  
 But and þ had tarped I wolde not haue leste the so  
 And as now god spede the in thy Iournaye  
 For from the I wyll departe as fast as I maye.  
 every mā. ¶ Wheder a waye felawshipp wyll þ forlake me.  
 felawshipp ¶ Ye by my faye to god I be take the.  
 every mā. ¶ Farewell good felawshipp for þ my herte is sore  
 A dewe for euer I shall se the no more.  
 felawshipp ¶ In fapth every man face well now at the ende  
 For you I wyll remembre þ ptyngge is mournynge.  
 every mā. ¶ A lacke shall we this departe in dede  
 A lady helpe without ony more comforte  
 Lo felawshipp forlake the in my moost nede  
 For helpe in this worlde wheder shall I resorte  
 Felawshipp here before with me wolde mercy make  
 And now lytell sorowe for me dooth he take  
 It is sayd in prosperyte men frendes may fynde  
 Whiche in aduersyte be full vnkynde  
 Now wheder for socoure shall I flee  
 Syth that felawshipp hath forsaken me  
 To my kynnesmen I wyll truely  
 Prayenge them to helpe me in my necessyte  
 I beleue that they wyll do so  
 For kynde wyll crepe where it may not go

I wyll go saye for ponde I se them go  
Where be ye now my frendes and kynnelmen.

Here be we now at your commaundement

Kynrede.

Colyn I praye you shewe vs your entent

In ony wyse and not spare.

Colyn.

O ye euery man and to vs declare

If ye be dysposed to go ony whyder

For wete you well wyll lyue and dye to gydet.

Kynrede.

In welth and wo we wyll with you holde

For ouer his kynne a man may be holde.

Gramercy my frendes and kynnelmen kynde

euery mā.

Now shall I shewe you the grete of my mynde

I was commaunded by a messenger

That is a hye kynge's chefe offycer

He bad me go a pylgrymage to my payne

And I knowe well I shall neuer come agayne

Also I must gyue a rekenyng astrapte

For I haue a grete enemy that hath me in wayte

Whiche entendeth me for to hynder.

What a counte is that whiche ye must render

Kynrede.

That wolde I knowe.

Of all my workes I must shewe

euery mā.

How I haue lyued and my dayes spent

Also of yll dedes that I haue bled

In my tyme syth lyfe was me lent

And of all vertues that I haue refused

Therfore I praye you go thyder with me

To helpe to make myn accounte for saynt charyte.

Colyn.

What to go thyder is that the mater

Maye euery man I had leuer fast brede and water

All this fyue yere and more.

Alas that euer I was bore

euery mā.

The Som.

B. lll.



for now shall I neuer be mery  
If that you forsake me.

Kynrede. **A** slyr what ye be a mery man  
Take good herte to you and make no none  
But one thyng I warne you by saynt Anne  
As for me ye shall go alone.

every mā. **M**y cosyn wyll you not with me go.

Cosyn. **N**oby out lady I have the crampe in my te  
Trust not to me for so god me spede  
I wyll deceyue you in your moost nede.

Kynrede. **I**t auayleth not vs to tyle  
ye shall haue my mayde with all my herte  
She loueth to go to festes there to be nyse  
And to daunce and a brade to sterte  
I wyll gyue her leue to helpe you in that Journey  
If that you and she may agree.

every mā. **N**ow shewe me the very effecte of your mynde  
Wyll you go with me or abyde be hynde.

Kynrede. **A**byde behynde / ye that wyll I and I maye  
Therefore farewell tyll another daye.

every mā. **H**owe sholde I be mery or gladde  
for fayre promyscs men to me make  
But whan I haue moost nede they me forsake  
I am deceyued that maketh me sadde.

Cosyn. **C**osyn every man farewell now  
for verily I wyll not go with you  
Also of myne owne an vntedy rekenyng  
I haue to accouite therefore I make taryenge  
Now god kepe the for now I go.

every mā. **A** Iesus is all come here to  
Lo fayre wordes maketh fooles fayne  
They promysc and nothyng wyll do certayne

My kynnesmen promysed me faithfully  
 For to a vyde with me stedfastly  
 And now fast a waye do they flee  
 Euen so felawshyp promysed me  
 What frende were best me of to prouyde  
 I lose my tyme here longer to abyde  
 yet in my mynde a thyng there is  
 All my lyfe I haue loued ryches  
 If that my good now helpe me myght  
 He wolde make my herte full lyght  
 I wyll speke to hym in this dystresse  
 Where arte thou my gooddes and ryches.  
**¶** Who calleth me euey man / what hast thou haste **Goodes**  
 I lye here in corners trussed and pyled so hye  
 And in chestes I am locked so fast  
 Also laked in bagges thou mayst se with thyn eye  
 I can not styre in packes lowe I lye  
 What wolde ye haue lyghtly me saye.  
**¶** Come hyder good in al the hast thou may **euey mā.**  
 For of counseyll I must desyre the.  
**¶** Syr: & ye i the worlde haue sorowe or aduersyte **Goodes.**  
 That can I helpe you to remedy thortly.  
**¶** It is another dysleale that greueth me **euey mā.**  
 In this worlde it is not I tell the so  
 I am sent for an other way to go  
 To gyue a strayte counte generall  
 Before the hyest Suppyer of all  
 And all my lyfe I haue had Joye & pleasure in the  
 Therfore I pray the go with me  
 For parauenture thou mayst before god almyghty  
 My rekenynge helpe to clene and purifye  
 For it is saydeuer amonge

**Goodes.** That money maketh all ryght that is wronge.  
**every mā.** Nay every man I synge an other songe  
I folowe no man in suche byages  
For and I wente with the  
Thou holdes fare moche the worse for me  
For bycause on me thou dyd set thy mynde  
Thy rekenyng I haue made blotted and blynde  
That thyn accounte thou can not make truly  
And that hast thou for the loue of me.

**every mā.** That wolde greue me full sore  
Whan I holde come to that ferefull answeere  
Up let vs go thyder to gyder.

**Goodes.** Nay not so I am to bytell I may not endure  
I wyll folowe man one fote be ye sure.

**every mā.** Alas I haue the loued and had grete pleasure  
All my lyfe dayes on good and treasure.

**Goodes.** That is to thy dampnacyō without lesynge  
For my loue is contrary to the loue euerlastyng  
But yf thou had nie loued moderately durynge  
As to the poore gyue parte of me  
Than woldest thou not in this dolour be  
Nor in this grete sorowe and care.

**every mā.** Lo now was I deceyued or I was ware  
And all I may wyte my spendyng of tyme.

**Goodes.** What wenest thou that I am thyn.

**every mā.** I had went so.

**Goodes.** Nay every man I saye no  
As for a whyle I was lente the  
A season thou hast had me in prosperyte  
My condycyon is mannes soule to kyll  
If I haue one a thousande I do spyll  
Wenest thou that I wyll folowe the



Awake fro this worlde not beyle.

**I** had wende otherwyle.

**T**herfore to thy soule good is a thefe

For whan thou atte deed this is my gyle

Another to deceyue in this same wyle

As I haue done the and all to his soules reprefe.

**O** false good cursed thou be

Thou traytout to god that hast deceyued me

And caught me in thy snare.

**M**ary thou brought thy selfe in care

Wherof I am gladde

I must nedes laugh I can not be sadde.

**A** good thou hast had longe my hertely loue

I gaue the that whiche sholde be the lordes aboue

But wylte thou not go with me in dedes

I praye the trouth to saye.

**S**o to god me spede

Therfore fare well and haue good daye.

**O** to whome shall I make my mone

For to go with me in that heuy Journaye

Fyrst felawshyp sayd he wolde with me gone

His wordes were very pleasaunt and gaye

But afterwarde he lefte me alone

Than spake I to my kynnesmen all in dyspayre

And also they gaue me wordes fayre

They lacked no fayre spekyng

But all forlake me in the endyng

Than wente I to my goodes that I loued best

In hope to haue comforte but there had I leest

For my goodes sherpely dyd me tell

That he byngeth many in to hell

Than of my selfe I was ashamed

every mā.  
Goodes.

every mā.

Goodes.

every mā.

Goodes.

every mā.

And so I am worthy to be blamed  
 Thus may I well my selfe hate  
 Of whome shall I now counseyll take  
 I thynke that I shall neuer spede  
 Tyll that I go to my good dede  
 But alas she is so wyke  
 That she can nother go nor speke  
 yet wyll I benter on her now  
 My good dedes where be you.  
 Good dede. Where I lye colde in the grounde  
 Thy synnes hath me sore bounde  
 That I can not stere.  
 every mā. O good dedes I stande in fere  
 I must you pray of counseyll  
 For helpe now sholde come ryght well.  
 Good dede. Every man I haue vnderstandynge  
 That ye be somoned a counte to make  
 Before Myllias of Therusalem kynge  
 And you do by me y<sup>e</sup> Journay to you wyll I take.  
 every mā. Therefore I come to you my moone to make  
 I praye you that ye wyll go with me.  
 Good dede. I wolde full fayne but I can not stande berply.  
 every mā. Why is there ony thyng on you fall.  
 Good dede. I ye syc I may thanke you of all  
 If ye had parfytely chered me  
 your boke of counte full redy had be  
 Like the bokes of your workes and dedes eke  
 As se how they lye vnder the fete  
 To your soules heuyness.  
 every mā. Our lord Jesus helpe me  
 For one letter here I can not se.  
 Good dede. There is a blynde rekenynge in tyme of dystres.

**¶** Good dedes I praye you helpe me in this nede  
**¶** Welles I am for euer dampned in dede  
**¶** Therfore helpe me to make rekenyng  
**¶** Before the redemer of all thyng

every man.

That kynge is and was and euer shall.

¶ Every man I am sorry of your fall  
And fayne wolde I helpe you and I were able.

Good Deeds

¶ Good dedes your counseill I pray you gyue me, every mā.

every mǎ.

¶ That shall I do verily

GOOD DEEDS

Thoughe that on my fete I may not go

I haue a syster that shall with you also

Called knowlege whiche shall with you abyde

To helpe you to make that oꝛde full rekenyng.

¶ Every man I wyll go with the and be thy gyde knowlege  
In thy moost nede to go by thy syde.

knowlege

In thy moost nede to go by thy syde.

**I**n good condycyon I am now in cuery thyngge every mā.

every ind.

And am hōle content with this good thyng

Thanked by god my creature.

¶ And when he hath brought you there

Good Deeds

Where thou shalt bele the of thy smarte

Thā go you to your teken ynge & your good dedes)

For to make you Joyfull at herte (to gyder

together

Before the blessed trinite.

● Gay good dedes granericy

every m̃a.

I am well content certainly

With your wordes I wete.

Now go we tog yder louyngly

knowlege

To confellyon that clenfyng epyere.

¶ For Joy I wepe I wolde we were there

every m̃ā.

But I pray you geue me cognycyon

Where dwelleth that holy man confessor.

¶ In the house of saluacyon

knowledge



We shall fynde hym in that place  
 That shall be comferte by goddes grace  
 To this is confessyon knele downe & aske mercy  
 For he is in good concepte with god almyghty.  
 ¶ Ogloypous fountayne þ all vnclenes both claryfy  
 Washe fro me the spottes of hyce vnclene  
 That on me no synne may be sene  
 I come with knowlege for my redempcyon  
 Redempte with herte and full contricyon  
 For I am commaunded a pylgrymage to take  
 And grete accountes befor god to make  
 Now I praye you chryste moder of saluacyon  
 Helpe my good dedes for my pyteous exclamacyon.  
 ¶ I knowe your sorowe well every man  
 Bpcause with knowlege ye come to me  
 I wyll you comferte as well as I can  
 And a precyous Jewell I wyll gyue the  
 Called penaunce boyce boyder of aduersyte  
 Therwith shall your body chastysed be  
 With abstynence & perseueraunce in goddes seruyce  
 Here shall you receyue that scourge of me  
 Whiche is penaunce stronge that ye must endure  
 To remembre thy laupour was scourged for the  
 With sharpe scourges and suffered it paciently  
 So must þ or thou scape that paynful pylgrymage  
 Knowlege kepe hym in this byage  
 And by that tyme good dedes wyll be with the  
 But in ony wyse be seker of mercy  
 For your tyme draweth fast and ye wyll saued be  
 Aske god mercy and he wyll graunte truely  
 When to the scourge of penaunce mā doth hys bynde  
 The oyle of forgyuenes than shall he fynde.

every mā.

Cōfessō.

**T**hanked be god for his gracious worke  
For now I wyll my penaunce begyn  
This hath reioysed and lyghted my herte  
Though the knottes be paynful and harde within  
**E**uery man loke your penaunce that ye fulfyll  
What payne that euer it to you be  
And knowlege shall gyue you counseyll at wyll  
How your accounte ye shall make clerely.

euery mā.

knowlege

**E**ternall god / O heuenly fygure  
O way of ryghtwysnes / O goodly byspon  
Whiche dyscended downe in a byrgyn pure  
Bycause he wolde euery man redeime  
Whiche Adam forsayted by his dyslobed pence  
O blessed god heed electe and hye deupne  
Forgyue my greuous offence  
Here I crye the mercy in this presence  
O ghostly treasure. O raunsomer and redemer  
Of all the worlde hope and conduyter  
O pryncer of Joye foundatour of mercy  
Whiche enlumyneth heuen and erth therby  
Here my clamorous complaynt though it late be  
Receyue my prayers be worthy in this heuyl pte  
Though I be a synner moost abhominable  
yet let my name be wyrtten in moyses table  
O mary praye to the maker of all thyng  
Be for to helpe at my endyng  
And saue me fro the power of my enemy  
For deth aspayleth me strongly  
And lady that I may by meane of thy prayer  
Of your lones glory to be partynere  
By the meanes of his passyon I it craue  
I beseeche you helpe my soule to saue

euery mā.

**knowlege** knowlege gyue me the scourge of penaunce  
 My fleshe therwith shall gyue acquentaunce  
 I wyll now begyn of god gyue me grace.  
**every mā.** ¶ Every man god gyue you tyme and space  
 Thus I bequeth you in þ handes of our sauour  
 Now may you make your rekenynge sure.  
**every mā.** ¶ In the name of the holy trynity.  
 My body sore punysshed shall be  
 Take this body for the synne of the fleshe  
 Also thou delytest to go gay and freshe  
 And in the way of dampnacon þ dyd me bynne  
 Therfore suffre now strokes of punysshynge  
 Now of penaunce I wyll wade the water clere  
 To saue me from purgatory that warpe fyre.  
**Good dedes** ¶ I thanke god now I can walke and go  
 And am delyuered of my sykenesse and wo  
 Therfore with every man I wyll go and not spare  
 His good woorkes I wyll helpe hym to declare.  
**knowlege** ¶ Now every man be mery and glad  
 Your good dedes cometh now ye may not be sad  
 Now is your good dedes hole and sounde  
 Seynge byrght upon the grounde.  
**every mā.** ¶ My herte is lyght and shalbe euermore  
 Now wyll I smyte faster than I dyde before.  
**Good dedes** ¶ Every man pylgryme my specyall frende  
 Blessyd be thou without ende  
 For the is preparate the eternall gloze  
 ye haue me made hole and sounde  
 Therfore I wyll hyde by the in every stounde.  
**every mā.** ¶ Welcome my good dedes now I here thy voyce  
 I wepe for very sweteness of loue.  
**knowlege** ¶ Be no more sad but ever reioyce



God seeth thy spyunge in his trone aboue  
Put on this garment to thy behoue  
Whiche is wette with your teres  
Dreles before god you may it mysse  
Whan ye to your tourneys ende come shall.

¶ Gentyll knowlege what do ye it call.

¶ It is a garment of sorowe  
Forpayne it wyll you bozowe  
Contrycyon it is

That getteth forgyuenes

He pleaseth god passyng well.

¶ Euery man wyll you were it for your hele.

¶ Now blestyd be Jesu maryes sone

For now haue I on true contrycyon

And lette vs go now without taryenge

Good dedes haue we clere out rekenyng.

¶ Ye in dede I haue here.

¶ Chau I trust we nede not fere

Now frendes let vs not parte in twayne.

¶ Say euery man that wyll we not certayne.

¶ Yet must thou led with the

Thre persones of grete myght.

¶ Who holde they be.

¶ Dyscrecyon and strength they hyght

And thy beaute may not abyde behynde.

¶ Also ye must call to mynde

Your fyue wyttes as for your counseylours.

¶ You must haue them redy at all houres.

¶ Howe shall I gette them hyder.

¶ You must call them all togyder

And they wyll here you in contynent.

¶ My frendes come hyder and be present

euery mā.  
knowlege

Good dedes  
euery mā.

Good dedes  
euery mā.

kyntede.  
Good dedes

euery mā.  
Good dedes

knowlege

Good dedes  
euery mā.  
kyntede.

euery mā.

**Dyscrecyon strengthe my fyue wytt is and beaute.**  
**Beaute.** ¶ Here at your wyll we be all redy  
 What wyll ye that we sholde do.  
**Good dedes.** ¶ That ye wolde with euery man go  
 And helpe hym in his pylgrymage  
 Aduyse you wyll ye with him or not in that byage.  
**Strength.** ¶ We wyll brynge hym all thyder  
 To his helpe and comforte / ye may byleue me.  
**Dyscrecyon** ¶ So wyll we go with hym all togyder.  
**euery mā.** ¶ Almyghty god loued myght thou be  
 I gyue the laude that I haue hyder brought  
 Strength dyscrecyon beaute & b. wyttes lacke I nou  
 And my good dedes with knowlege clere (ght  
 All be in my company at my wyll here  
 I desyre no more to my belynes.  
**Strengthe.** ¶ And I strength wyll by you stande in dystres  
 Though thou wolde i batayle fygth on the grounde.  
**b. wyttes** ¶ And though it were thugh the worlde rounde  
 We wyll not departe for swete ne sourc.  
**Beaute.** ¶ No more wyll I vnto dethe's houre  
 What soeuer therof befall.  
**Dyscrecyon** ¶ Euery man aduyse you fyrst of all  
 Go with a good aduysment and delyberacyon  
 We all gyue you vertuous monycyon  
 That all shall be well.  
**euery mā.** ¶ My frendes harken what I wyll tell  
 I praye god rewarde you in his heuen spere  
 Now herken all that be here  
 For I wyll make my testament  
 Here before you all present  
 In almes / halfe my good I wyll gyue to my hādes  
 In the way of charyte to good entent (twayne

And the other halfe styll shall remaine  
In queth to be retourned there it ought to be  
This I do in despyte of the fende of hell  
To go quyte out of his perell  
Euer after and this daye.

¶ Every man herken what I saye  
Goto presthode I you aduise  
And receyue of hym in ony wyse  
The holy sacrament and oyntement togyder  
Than shortly le ye tourne agayne hyder  
We wyll all abyde you here.

¶ Ye every man hys you that ye redy were  
There is no Emperour kynge Duke ne Baron  
That of god hath commycyon  
As hath the leest prest in the worlde beyng  
For of the blessed sacramentes pure and benygne  
He bereth the keyes and therof hath the cure  
For mannes redempcyon it is euer sure  
Whiche god for our soules medycyne  
Gave vs out of his herte with grete payne  
Here in this transytory lyfe for the and me  
The blessed sacramentes. vii. here be  
Baptym confyrmacyon with presthode good  
And þe sacrament of goddes precyous fleshe & blod  
Martyrge the holy extreme vnccyon and penaunce  
These seven be good to haue in remembraunce  
Gracyous sacramentes of hys deupuyte.  
¶ I praye wolde I receyue that holy body  
And mekely to my ghostly fader I wyll go.  
¶ Every man that is the best that ye can do  
God wyll you to saluacyon brynge  
For presthode excedeth all other thyng

The Son.

knowledge

b. wyttes.

every mā.

b. wyttes

C. 4



To his holy scripture they do teche  
 And conuerteth man fro synne heuen to reche  
 God hath to them more power gauen  
 Than to ony aungell that is in heuen  
 With. v. wordes he may consecrate  
 Goddes body in fleshe and blode to make  
 And handeiet his maker byt wene his hande  
 The preest byndeth and unbyndeth all bandes  
 Bothe in erthe and in heuen  
 Thou mynys treasall the sacramentes seuen  
 Though we kysse thy fete thou were worthy  
 Thou arte surgyon that cureth synne deedly  
 No remedy we fynde vnder god  
 But all onely presthode  
 Euery man god gaue preest that dygnyte  
 And setteth them in his stede amonge vs to be  
 Thus be they aboue aungelles in degree.

knowlege

¶ If prestes be good it is so suerly  
 But whan Iesu hanged on þe crosse w grete smarte  
 There he gaue out of his blekyd herte  
 The same sacrament in grete tourment  
 He solde them not to vs that lord omnypotent  
 Therfore saynt peter the apostell dothe saye  
 That Iesus curse hath all they  
 Whiche god theyr sauour do by or sell  
 Or they for ony money do take or tell  
 Synfull preest? gyueth the synners example bad  
 The p:chylor spyteth by other mēes fyres I haue  
 And some haūteth womens company (harde  
 With vnclene lyte as lustes of lechery  
 These be with synne made blynde.

b. wyttes.

¶ I trust to god no suche may we fynde

Therefore let vs preesthode honour  
And folow we theyr doctryne for our soules socoure  
We be theyr shepe and theyr shepherdes be  
By whome we all be kepte in suerte  
Deas for yonder I se every man come  
Whiche hath made true satysfaccyon.

¶ We thynke it is he in dede.

¶ Now Jesu be your alder spede.

I haue receyued the sacrament for my redempcyō  
And than in yne extreme vncepon

Blessyd be all they that counseyled me to take it  
And now frendes let vs go without lōger respyte  
I thanke god that ye haue tarped so longe  
Now let eche of you on this rodder your honde  
And shortly folow me

I go before there I wolde be      God be your gyde.

¶ Every man we wyll not fro you go

¶ Tyl ye haue done this byage longe.

¶ I dyscrecyon wyll hyde by you also.

¶ And though this pylgrymage be neuer so strōge

I wyll neuer parte you fro

¶ Every man I wyll be as sure by the  
As euer I dyde by Judas Machabee.

¶ Alas I am so faynt I may not stande

¶ My lynimes bnder me doth folde

¶ Frendes let vs not tourne agayne to this lande

¶ Not for all the worldes golde

¶ For in to this caue must I crepe

¶ And tourne to erth and there to slepe.

¶ What in to this graue alas.

¶ Ye thre shall ye consume more and lesse.

¶ And what sholde I smother here.

¶ The Son.

¶ Ill.

Good dedes  
every mā.

Strength.

Dyscreciō  
knowlege

every mā.

Beaute.  
every mā.  
Beaute.

every mā. **C**ye by my fayth and neuer moze appere  
 In this worlde lyue no moze we shall  
 But in heuen before the hyst lord of all.  
 Beaute. **I** crosse out all this / adewe by saynt Johan  
 I take my tappe in my lappe and am gone.  
 every mā. **W**hat beaute whyder wyl ye.  
 Beaute. **W**as I am dese I loke not behynde me  
 Not if thou woldest gyue me all þy golde in thy chest.  
 every mā. **A**las wherto may I truste  
 Beaute gothe fast awaye fro me  
 She promysed with me to lyue and dye.  
 strength. **E**uery man I wyl the also forlake and denye  
 Thy game lyketh me not at all.  
 every mā. **W**hy than ye wyl forlake me all  
 Swete strength tary a lytell space.  
 strength. **S**ay sy by the rode of grace  
 I wyl hye me from the fast  
 Though thou wepe to thy herte to brast.  
 every mā. **C**ye wolde euer hyde by me ye sayd.  
 strength. **C**ye I haue you ferre ynoughe conueyde  
 ye be olde ynoughe I vnderstande  
 your pylgrymage to take on hande  
 I repent me that I hyder came.  
 every mā. **S**trength you to dysplease I am to blame  
 Wyl ye breke promyse that is dette.  
 strength. **I**n fayth I care not  
 Thou arte but a foole to complayne  
 you spende your speche and wast your brayne  
 Go thyst the in to the grounde.  
 every mā. **I** had wende surer I holde you haue founde  
 He that trusteth in his strength  
 She hym deceyueh at the length



Bothe strength and beaute forsaketh me  
yet they promysed me fayre and lounyngly.

**E**uery man I wyll after strength be gone  
As for me I wyll leue you alone.

**W**hy dyscrecyon wyll ye forsake me.

**Y**e in fayth I wyll go fro the  
For whan strength goth before  
I folowe after euer more.

**Y**et I pray the for the loue of the trynpte  
Loke in my graue ones pyteously.

**S**ay so ye wyll I not come  
fare well euerychone.

**A**ll thynges fayleth saue god alone  
Beaute strength and dyscrecyon  
For whan deth bloweth his blast  
They all renne fro me full fast.

**E**uery man my leue now of the I take  
I wyll folowe the other for here I the forsake.

**A**las than may I wayle and wepe  
For I toke you for my best frende.

**I** wyll no lenger the kepe  
Now fare well and there an ende.

**O** Jesu helpe all hath forsaken me.

**N**ay euery man I wyll byde with the  
I wyll not forsake the in dede

**T**hou shalte fynde me a good frende at nede.

**G**ramercy good dedes now may I true frendes le  
They haue forsaken me euerychone

**I** loued them better than my good dedes alone  
Knowlege wyll ye forsake me also.

**Y**e euery man whan ye to deth shall go  
But not yet for no maner of daunger.

The Son.

C. iii.

Dyscrecyon

euery mā.

Dyscrecyon

euery mā.

Dyscrecyon

euery mā.

b. wyttes

euery mā.

b. wyttes

euery mā.

Good dedes

knowlege

every mā. **G**ramercy knowlege with all my herte.  
knowlege **N**ay yet I wyll not from hens departe

**T**yll I le where ye shall be come.

every mā. **W**e thynke alas that I must be gone  
**T**o make my rekenynge and my dettes paye  
**F**or I le my tyme is nye spent awaye  
**T**ake example all ye that this do here or se  
**H**ow they that I loue best do forsake me  
**E**xcepte my good dedes that bydoeth truely.

Good ded? **A**llechly thynges is but vanys  
**B**eaute strength / and dyscrecyon do man forsake  
**F**olyshe frendes and kynnesmen that saye spake  
**A**ll fleeth saue good dedes and that am I.

every mā. **H**ave mercy on me god moost myghty  
**A**nd stonde by me thou moder & mayde holy Mary

Good ded? **I**f ere not I wyll speke for the.

every mā. **H**ere I crye god mercy.

Good ded? **S**horste our ende and mynyshe our payne  
**L**et vs go and neuer come agayne.

every mā. **I**n to thy handes lord my soule I commende  
**R**ecyue it lord that it be not lost  
**A**s thou me boughtest some defende  
**A**nd saue me from the fendes boost  
**T**hat I may appere with that blessyd boost  
**T**hat I shall be saued at the day of dome  
(In manus tuas) of myghtes moost  
**F**or euer (Comendo spiritum meum.)

knowlege **N**ow hath he suffered that we all shall endure  
**T**he good dedes shall make all sure  
**N**ow hath he made endynge  
**W**e thynketh that I here aungelles synge  
**A**nd make grete Joy and melody

Where every mannes soule receyued shall be.

**C**ome excellent electe spouse to Iesu

Here about thou shalt go

Bycause of thy singular vertue

Now the soule is taken the body fro

Thy rekenynge is crystall clere

Now walte thou in to the heuently spere

Unto the whiche all ye shall come

That I puech well before the daye of dome.

**T**his morall men may haue in mynde

ye here is take it of worth olde and yonge

And forsake pryde for he deceyuech you in the ende

And remembre beaute .v. wyttes strenght & dyscrepō

They all at the last do every man forsake

Saue his good dedes there dothe he take

But be ware and they be small

Before god he hath no helpe at all

None excuse may be there for every man

Alas how shall he do than

For after dethe amēdes may no man make

For than mercy and pyte doth hym forsake

If his rekenynge be not clere whan he doth come

God wpll saye (ite maledicti in ignem eternum)

And he that hath his accounte hole and sounde

Bye in heuen he shall be crounde

Unto whiche place god bypnge vs all thyder

That we may lye body and soule togpyer

Therto helpe the trypyte

Amen saye ye for saynt charyte.

the aūgen.

Doctours.

f i a i s



Thus endeth this morall playe of euerie man.  
Imprynted at London in Poules  
chyrche yerde by me  
Iohn Skot.



REPRODUCED FROM THE ORIGINAL  
IN THE HENRY E. HUNTINGTON  
LIBRARY AND ART GALLERY,  
FOR REFERENCE ONLY.  
PERMISSION NECESSARY FOR  
REPRODUCTION.